

D.H.

•DR WHO• BBC-TV

UNIT 5: FIVE

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

*by*  
*Don Houghton*

EPISODE FIVE

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

CAST:

DR WHO

BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART

JO GRANT

MIKE YATES

THE MASTER

S29 BARNAM

S53 MAILER

S24 VOSPER

SERGEANT BENTON

CAPTAIN COSWORTH

EXTRAS:

PRISONERS

UNIT SOLDIERS

SETS:

STANGMOOR PRISON: PRISON CORRIDOR  
CONDEMNED CELL  
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE  
PRISON WORKSHOP  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
(UTILITY)

UNIT MOBILE H.Q.

EXTERIORS:

Prison Courtyard  
Outside Prison Wall  
A Grassy Ridge

EPISODE FIVE.

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OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR, STANGMOOR PRISON.

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REPLAY PART OF SC 46, EP 4, FROM:

JO AND THE DOCTOR ARE BENDING OVER THE INERT BODY OF THE DEAD PRISONER. PICK UP ON:

DR WHO: It's not the 'box' itself. It's what's inside it. The power of the thing is growing faster now. It's on the rampage - and it will be insatiable.

JO: It'll have to be found and destroyed.

DR WHO: That's easier said than done. How do you destroy a force of evil, Jo? Perhaps if we knew that this planet of yours would be a better place to live in. No. The thing was created out of evil - and it's been feeding on evil for months. By now I would say that it is indestructible. You see, the main trouble is that it is now thinking for itself. Thinking - and moving!

JO LOOKS UP ANXIOUSLY, HALF EXPECTING TO SEE THE 'BOX' APPEAR.

JO: Moving?

DR WHO: Yes. Of its own volition.

THE DOCTOR RISES.

DR WHO: Come on, we've got to find Mike.

THEY TURN TO LEAVE THE CORRIDOR. AND THEN FREEZE SUDDENLY.

FROM THEIR P.O.V. WE SEE THAT THEY ARE FACING MAILER AND VOSPER. BOTH MEN HAVE THEIR GUNS RAISED - AND POINTING DIRECTLY AT JO AND THE DOCTOR. THE KAI - E IS ONLY A FEW FEET. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO MISS.

VOSPER: (EVENLY) 'Shoot on sight' the man said.

MAILER: (GRINS) Sorry about this, dolly But there's a lot at stake - and you two have become real nuisances. Never mind, we'll make it sharp and quick, eh? Can't be fairer than that, can we?

THEY COCK THEIR GUNS VERY DELIBERATELY AND TAKE CAREFUL AIM. THEIR FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGERS.

JO AND THE DOCTOR TENSE THEMSELVES INSTINCTIVELY, WAITING FOR THE IMPACT OF THE BULLETS...

SUDDENLY THERE IS THAT THROBBING NOISE - CLOSE AND LOUD. THE 'BOX' MATERIALISES IN FRONT OF VOSPER. THERE IS A GREAT WHOOSH OF ENERGY AS THE THING SPARKS FURIOUSLY. THE FORCE OF IT IS DIRECTED STRAIGHT AT VOSPER. HE SPINS ROUND, HIS GUN SPRAYING BULLETS ALL OVER THE PLACE. THEN THE FORCE SEEMS TO ACT LIKE A GIGANTIC MAGNET, DRAWING HIM TO ITSELF. HE SCREAMS CRAZILY. HIS WHOLE BODY JERKS AND CONTORTS. MAILER STANDS WATCHING, FROZEN WITH PANIC AND HORROR - AS VOSPER FINALLY CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR INCHES FROM THE 'BOX' - HIS HAIR COMPLETELY WHITE, HIS BODY AND FACE TWISTED GROTESQUELY.

NOW THE 'BOX' TURNS ITS ATTENTION ON MAILER. IT DEMATERIALISES AND THEN REAPPEARS IN HIS DIRECT PATH. THE FORCE DRAWING HIM LIKE IT DID VOSPER. BUT WITH A SHRIEK OF FEAR MAILER HURLS HIS GUN AT THE 'BOX' - TEARS FREE OF THE FORCE AND RUNS AWAY FROM IT, THE WAY HE AND VOSPER CAME. THE 'BOX' DEMATERIALISES AGAIN SWIFTLY AND REAPPEARS FARTHER DOWN THE CORRIDOR, AS THOUGH CHASING THE TERROR-STRICKEN MAILER. IT DEMATERIALISES ONCE AGAIN - AND VANISHES FROM SIGHT.

JO IS PARALYSED AND TRANSFIXED BY THE SIGHT OF VOSPER'S BODY. SHE STARES AT IT, UNABLE TO MOVE. THE DOCTOR SHOUTS AT HER.

DR. WHO: Jo! Snap out of it! If that thing can't catch him - it'll come after us!

JO: (SCARED) Did you see what it did ??



DR WHO: Yes, I saw.

IC: That's horrible...

BUT THE DOCTOR HAS NO TIME TO CALM HER DOWN. HE GRABS HER ARM ROUGHLY AND DRAGS HER QUICKLY AWAY.

CUT TO:

2. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

MIKE AND 829 BARNAM ARE IN THE ROOM. MIKE HAS JUST HEARD THE GUNFIRE. HE DARTS TO THE DOOR, HIS GUN (THE ONE HE TOOK FROM THE DEAD PRISONER IN THE CORRIDOR) AT THE READY.

MIKE: Gunfire! Close by!

BARNAM: It's been happening all the time.

MIKE: But it must mean that there's still some opposition...

BARNAM: (SHRUGS) I doubt it.

MIKE: I must go and find out.

BARNAM: You'd be safer here.

MIKE: I'll get back - if I can.

BARNAM: (AGAIN) I doubt it. (GENTLY) If they don't get you - the 'box' will. (BEAT) I suppose it'll get everyone - in time.

BUT MIKE HAS ALREADY GONE.

CUT TO:

3. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

THIS IS THE LARGEST OF OUR SETS. IT'S A BIG, HIGH, GLASS ROOFED PLACE, PREVIOUSLY THE MAIN PRISON WORKSHOP. BUT NOW ALL THE BENCHES AND MACHINERY HAVE BEEN PUSHED ASIDE, LEAVING A CLEAR SPACE IN THE MIDDLE. AT ONE END THERE ARE SOME LARGE, THICK, DOUBLE DOORS, EASILY WIDE ENOUGH TO GET A LORRY INTO THE PLACE. A GALLERY OR CATWALK RUNS AROUND ONE, TWO OR THREE SIDES OF THE WALL, WHERE THE WARDERS WERE ABLE TO LOOK DOWN ON THEIR CHARGES WORKING BELOW. AN IRON NARROW STAIRWAY LEADS UP TO IT.

AS WE OPEN ON THE SCENE THE NRAI TRUCK IS BEING SLOWLY DRIVEN INTO THE CENTRE OF THE PLACE, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE MASTER. A PRISONER IS DRIVING THE TRUCK AND OTHERS ARE LENDING A HAND TO GET IT INTO PLACE. THE CANVAS COVER HAS ALREADY PREVIOUSLY BEEN TAKEN FROM THE ROCKET, ITS SILVERY SHAPE LOOKS OMINOUS AND LETHAL.

SATISFIED WITH THE POSITION OF THE TRUCK, THE MASTER SIGNALS TO THE DRIVER TO SHUT OFF THE ENGINE. HE MOVES FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE WEAPON.

MASTER: (GRUNTS. TO HIMSELF)  
Crude - but effective, I suppose.

THERE IS A SUDDEN COMMOTION AS MAILER COMES DASHING INTO THE PLACE. HE SPOTS THE MASTER AND RUNS STRAIGHT OVER TO HIM, SHOUTING.

MAILER: (DESPERATELY) That thing...  
That - that 'box' - it's loose...

MASTER: (CALMLY) Alright, Mailer, stop gibbering like an idiot and tell me what happened.

MAILER: We found that Doctor fellow - and the girl... They were in 'Q' Block Corridor.

MASTER: And you killed them ?

MAILER: We didn't get a chance! That 'box' sort've suddenly appeared! Right out of nowhere! Right in front of Vosper! And it did for him! Smashed him up good and proper - I never saw anything like it... Just smashed him!

AT MAILER'S WORDS THE OTHER PRISONERS BEGIN TO LOOK ANXIOUSLY ABOUT THEM, MURMURING. THE MASTER REALISES THAT MAILER COULD EASILY START A STAMPEDE.

MASTER: Alright, calm down!

MAILER: What're we going to do ? If that thing...

MASTER: We're going to continue with our work.

MAILER: But the 'box'...

MASTER: As long as we stay in a group it won't come anywhere near us.

MAILER: You sure ?

MASTER: Positive. It can only concentrate its power on one or two subjects at a time...

MAILER: I don't like it.

MASTER: (TERSE) I don't very much care whether you like it or not, Mailer.

MAILER: I think we should get out of here whilst the going's good!

MASTER: You'd get picked up before you'd gone a mile. Your best bet is to stay and help me get this Rocket ready. Once I have it activate - you can make your own terms with the authorities. You can hold them to ransom. A free pardon for everyone of you.

AND THAT REASONING APPEALS TO THE OTHER PRISONERS. THEY NOD THEIR AGREEMENT.

MASTER: You see ? Your colleagues agree, Mailer.

MAILER: (SURLY) They haven't seen what that 'Box' can do - I have.

MASTER: I can have this missile ready in a very short space of time. The firing mechanism is relatively simple. Prepare a statement for the authorities - and we'll have it phoned through to them as soon as I've set up the launching circuits and controls.

MAILER: But you won't have to fire the thing, will you ?

MASTER: What do you care ?

MAILER: (SHRUGS) Yeah, you're right, what do I care ?

MEANWHILE, DURING THE ABOVE DIALOGUE, MIKE HAS CREPT OUT ONTO THE CATWALK ABOVE, UNSEEN BY THE MASTER OR THE PRISONERS. HE CROUCHES DOWN, WATCHING THE ACTIVITY BELOW.

THE MASTER TURNS AWAY FROM MAILER, SATISFIED THAT HE WILL CONTINUE TO DO AS HE'S TOLD, FOR THE TIME BEING, ANYWAY.

MASTER: (TO THE PRISONERS) Alright now, we've got to get the firing console down from there. Lend a hand, all of you. I want it placed here.

HE POINTS TO A SPOT SOME DISTANCE FROM THE TRUCK. THE PRISONERS HOP UP ONTO THE VEHICLE AND START MANHANDLING EQUIPMENT DOWN. THIS WILL CONSIST MAINLY OF CABLES AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT.

UP ON THE CATWALK MIKE CHECKS THE SUBMACHINE GUN CAREFULLY.

CUT TO:

4. INSERT. PHOTO STILL OF THE UNIT  
MOBILE H.Q.

AT THE SCENE OF THE AMBUSH.

CUT TO:

5. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

THERE ARE FOUR PEOPLE INSIDE: THE BRIGADIER, SERGEANT BENTON, A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER CALLED CAPTAIN COSWORTH AND ANOTHER UNIT RADIO OPERATOR. COSWORTH AND THE OPERATOR WEAR EARPHONES. THE MOBILE HQ IS RIGGED OUT LIKE A WW II COMMAND VEHICLE WITH BANKS OF RADIOS, MAP TABLES AND PERHAPS A COUPLE OF RADAR SCREENS (INACTIVE AT THIS TIME).

COSWORTH TURNS FROM HIS MICROPHONE AND SPEAKS TO THE BRIGADIER, WHO IS HUNCHED UP OVER A MAP TABLE, WITH BENTON BEHIND HIM.

COSWORTH: (TO BRIGADIER) Major Parker reports that 'A' Company have found nothing in Search Zone P22, sir.

BRIGADIER: Then tell him to move on to P23.

COSWORTH TURNS BACK TO HIS MIKE.

COSWORTH: (INTO MIKE) Hallo UNIT Able Charlie, this is Constant One. Re your last message: move search to zone Peter Two Three - twenty three. Over. (BEAT) Roger. Listenin out.

BRIGADIER: That blasted thing can't have just disappeared.

COSWORTH: These are lonely moors, sir.

BRIGADIER: But someone, somewhere must have seen that truck - and the ambushers.

BENTON: You could hide the truck and the Rocket, sir - but I don't see how the hi-jackers could've vanished. There were too many of them.

BRIGADIER: (TO COSWORTH) What about the Army and Police units?

COSWORTH: Nothing, sir.

BRIGADIER: All UNIT channels open, Captain

COSWORTH: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: And no word from Yates.

COSWORTH SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BENTON: Maybe his radio's on the blink, sir.

BRIGADIER: Either that - or else he's dead.

THE BRIGADIER RETURNS TO HIS EXAMINATION OF THE MAPS. BENTON EXCHANGES LOOKS WITH COSWORTH, WHO RETURNS TO HIS RADIOS.

CUT TO:

6. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

BUT MIKE, FAR FROM BEING DEAD, HAS SATISFIED HIMSELF THAT HIS GUN IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER AND HAS MOVED OVER TO A SPOT WHICH GIVES HIM A GOOD FIELD OF FIRE, WITH THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF COVER. HE RAISES THE SUBMACHINE GUN AND SIGHTS IT CAREFULLY.

DOWN BELOW THE MEN ARE ALL BUSY SETTING UP THE FIRING CONSOLE.

MIKE SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER AND LETS GO A BURST OF FIRE.

THE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY DROP EVERYTHING THEY'RE DOING AND DIVE FOR COVER. THE MASTER SCRAMBLES ROUND TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE TRUCK. MAILER, FROM BEHIND THE CONSOLE, SPOTS MIKE.

MAILER: (SHOUTS) There he is! Up there, over to the left! Get him!

SOME OF THE PRISONERS MANAGE TO RAISE THEIR WEAPONS AND BEGIN TO RETURN THE FIRE. MIKE HAS TO DUCK DOWN. BUT IS QUICKLY UP AGAIN, SQUEEZING OFF SHORT BURSTS AT SPECIFIC TARGETS AROUND THE WORKSHOP.

MAILER: Who is he?

MASTER: (SHOUTS) Never mind who he is - kill him!

BUT ONE OF THE PRISONERS CLOSE BY SPIN ROUND, HIT BY MIKE'S LAST BURST. SEEN THIS, TWO OR THREE OF HIS BUDDIES BEAT A HASTY RETREAT.

MAILER: (YELLS TO THEM) Come back here! It's only one man!

BUT THE MEN HAVE SCARPERED. THE REMAINDER HOLD THEIR POSITIONS AND A DING-DONG GUN BATTLE ENSUES.

CUT TO:

TR 1. Prison Courtyard. Day.

The sound of the gunfire is re echoing around the courtyard. JO and the DOCTOR, on the verge of crossing the area, stop at the sound of it. Then they quickly bolt for the nearest doorway - as the retreating PRISONERS run by - from the direction of the gunfire. Jo emerges and quickly picks up one of their discarded riot guns. Then she and the DOCTOR disappear through the doorway.

7. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

THE GUN BATTLE CONTINUES, BUT MIKE IS GETTING PERILOUSLY SHORT OF AMMUNITION. HE SWITCHES HIS SUBMACHINE GUN TO SINGLE SHOT AND BEGINS SNIPING AT THE TARGETS DOWN BELOW, AIMING FOR ANYONE WHO SHOWS HIS HEAD - AND FOR THE CONSOLE.

THE MASTER LOOKS ON ANGRILY AS BULLET THUD INTO THE NRM CONSOLE.

THE BREACH OF MIKE'S SUBMACHINE GUN SLAMS HOME ON AN EMPTY CHAMBER. HE FLINGS IT ASIDE AND STARTS USING THE FEW REMAINING ROUNDS LEFT IN HIS SERVICE PISTOL.

THEN, FROM BEHIND HIM, THERE COMES THE LOUD ROAR OF A RIOT GUN AS IT FIRES. THE DOCTOR AND JO APPEAR, THE LATTER RUBBING HER SHOULDER RUEFULLY FROM THE GUN'S KICK-BACK.

MIKE:           Hallo, you two. Welcome to Dodge City!

DR WHO:       Where are the rest of you ?

MIKE FIRES OFF A ROUND TO KEEP THE HEADS DOWN.

MIKE:           Rest ? I'm sorry, but I'm all there is.

DR WHO:       The Brigadier...

MIKE:           Probably still back in London.

THE MASTER, DOWN BELOW, HAS SPOTTED JO AND THE DOCTOR.

MASTER:       (SHOUTS) The Doctor! Aim for the Doctor!

BACK UP ON MIKE: HE FIRES IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE MASTER, WHO HAS TO DUCK BACK HURRIEDLY.

MIKE: That fellow doesn't like you very much, does he ?

JO: How many rounds have you got left, Mike ?

MIKE: One.

THEY ALL HAVE TO DUCK QUICKLY AS A VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE SPLATTERS ABOUT THEM.

DR WHO: Aim it for the NEAR console - and let's get out of here!

MIKE: (GRINS) Aim at Government property...?

DR WHO: Do as you're told.

MIKE FIRES AT THE CONSOLE - AND THE BULLET SMACKS INTO IT. THEN ALL THREE OF THEM MAKE A DASH FOR THE NEAREST DOORWAY. THEY MAKE IT SAFELY AS BULLETS CHIP AND RICOCHET AT THE WALL CLOSE BY.

MAILER: (SHOUTS) Hold your fire! They've gone!

THE MASTER AND THE PRISONERS EMERGE FROM THEIR COVER. THE MASTER RUSHES OVER TO THE DAMAGED CONSOLE. MAILER MOVES OVER TO HIM.

MAILER: (POINTING TO THE CONSOLE) Busted ?

MASTER: I can fix it - but it'll take time.

MAILER: How much ?

MASTER: I don't know. Get after those three.

MAILER: Right! (HE SHOUTS TO A COUPLE OF THE PRISONERS) You and you - come with me!

AND THEY DASH OFF TO SEARCH FOR MIKE, JO AND THE DOCTOR.

CUT TO:

8. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR COME RUSHING BREATHLESSLY IN. BARNAM, WHO HAS BEEN SITTING ON THE BED, GETS UP AS THEY ENTER.

BARNAM: More shooting. Always more shooting.

MIKE: If we could release the Warders.

JO: Impossible. They're at the other end of the prison!

DR. WHO: The Governor's office is relative near - and it was empty. I think we'd better make for it.

MIKE: Okay. Lead the way.

JO TURNS TO BARNAM.

JO: Barnam, listen. The prisoners are after us.

BARNAM: Yes...

JO: If they come in here - tell them we're making for 'M' Block, will you?

BARNAM: (CONFUSED) 'M' Block? But he just said the Governor's office...

JO: (DESPERATELY) Yes, I know what he said - but you must tell them we went to 'M' Block - understand?

MIKE: (URGENTLY) Come on, Jo.

MIKE GRABS HER HAND - AND THE THREE OF THEM EXIT QUICKLY. BARNAM LOOKS AFTER THEM, COMPLETELY CONFUSED.

BARNAM: (HELPLESSLY) But that would be lying... I can't tell a lie... Please, you mustn't ask me to lie...

AND HE FLOPS BACK ON THE BED, DEEPLY PERTURBED.

CUT TO:

9. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER IS WORKING LIKE FURY ON THE CONSOLE, MUTTERING WITH ANGER AS HE SEES THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE.

CUT TO:

10. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

COSWORTH HAS BEEN SPEAKING ON THE RADIO. HE NOW TURNS TO THE BRIGADIER.

COSWORTH: UNIT Command ask if they are to ~~still keep all the radio channels open, sir.~~ It's putting a great strain on other communication systems.



BRIGADIER: (VEHEMENTLY) To the devil with the other communication systems. Tell them to hold every single channel available. Every one - until further notice!

COSGROVE: Yes, sir.

HE TURNS BACK TO HIS RADIO.

CUT TO:

11. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR COME CHARGING INTO THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. MIKE HAS HIS EMPTY REVOLVER AT THE READY - BUT THERE'S NO ONE IN THE PLACE. HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AND LOCKS IT. JO RUSHES OVER TO THE WINDOW TO KEEP WATCH FROM THERE. MIKE LOOKS AT THE DOOR DUBIOUSLY.

MIKE: One good blast from a riot gun - and there wouldn't be much left of that door!

DR WHO: It might just give us a little time, Mike.

MIKE: For what ?

JO: Let's not kid ourselves, Doctor - we're trapped!

DR WHO: Mike, your radio.

MIKE: No good. It got smashed up early in the piece...

DR WHO: Let me have a look at it.

MIKE: A bullet bounced off it...

DR WHO: Don't waste time.

MIKE HANDS OVER THE BROKEN POCKET TRANSCEIVER. THE DOCTOR TAKES IT OVER TO THE GOVERNOR'S DESK AND IMMEDIATELY STARTS FIDDLING WITH IT.

DR WHO: I might just be able to get it going again...

MIKE: You need a radio repair shop to get that thing working again.

THE DOCTOR IS GOING THROUGH THE GOVERNOR'S DESK DRAWERS, EMPTYING THEM OF ANYTHING THAT MIGHT COME IN USEFUL - PIPE CLEANERS, PAPER CLIPS, ETC.

CUT TO:

12. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. SAME TIME.

MAILER IS SHAKING BARNAM VIOLENTLY. THE OTHER TWO PRISONERS STAND BY - GUNS AT THE READY.

MAILER: They came in here, didn't they, Barnam?

BARNAM: Who?

MAILER: You know who - that Doctor in the fancy suit - with the girl and the officer...

BARNAM: You're not going to hurt them...

MAILER: Which way did they go, Barnam?

BARNAM: Please, Mailer - I can't think...

MAILER: (ANGRILY) Which way did they go?

BARNAM: (RELUCTANTLY) Governor's office - they said...

MAILER FLINGS BARNAM FROM HIM. THE OTHER PRISONERS PREPARE TO RACE OFF - BUT MAILER STOPS THEM.

MAILER: Okay, okay. There's no hurry. The Governor's office isn't all that far from here. And if that's where they are - then we've got em cornered.

HE LEADS THEM OUT OF THE ROOM, IGNORING BARNAM'S PLAINITIVE PLEAS:

BARNAM: But you mustn't hurt them, Mailer... There's been too much violence already... Don't hurt them...

BUT BARNAM IS LEFT TALKING TO HIMSELF  
OUT TO:

13. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

BY NOW THE DOCTOR HAS THE TINY TRANS-CEIVER IN BITS SPREAD ALL OVER THE DESK. MIKE IS TALKING TO HIM AGITATEDLY

MIKE: You mean to tell me he actually plans to fire that Rocket, Doctor? Using London as a target?

DR. W.H.C.: (THOROUGHLY ENGROSSED IN HIS WORK) Specifically the Peace Conference Building - although, of course, the prisoners don't know that yet.

JO: They think he's going to use it as a threat to get them a free pardon.

MIKE: Then we must get hold of their ringleader...

JO: Mailer.

MIKE: ...And tell him he's being double crossed.

DR WHO: And do you honestly think a man like Mailer would listen to you? You're the voice of authority, Mike. He's been fighting authority all his life. He'll believe The Master because that's the only hope he's got.

JO: In any case, Mailer would shoot first - and listen afterwards, believe me.

MIKE: And, in the meantime, we're just stuck here, doing nothing...

DR WHO: Speak for yourself. (MUTTERING) Now, if I could only find some carbon... Just a tiny piece of carbon...

MIKE: Oh, come on, Doc - you're never going to get that thing working.

DR WHO: It may interest you to know that I have already repaired three of the microp circuits - and if I could just lay my hands on a tiny sliver of carbon...

JO CASUALLY PICKS UP A SHEET OF CARBON PAPER FROM AMONGST SOME STATIONERY ON A TABLE NEARBY.

JO: Nearest you'll get to it is carbon paper...

DR WHO: (EXCITEDLY) Excellent, Jo!

JO: Huh?

DR WHO: That'll do the trick.

HE NIPS UP AND TAKES THE CARBON PAPER FROM HER. RETURNS TO HIS DESK AND PAINSTAKINGLY CUTS A TINY BLACK SLIVER FROM IT. MIKE AND JO EXCHANGE EXASPERATED LOOKS.

MIKE: They're going to find out we're here sooner or later.

JO: Let's hope it's later!

MIKE COMES OVER TO THE WINDOW.

MIKE: Any movement down there ?

JO: No. If you ask me, it's too quiet. I've got a feeling they're cooking up something pretty nasty for us.

BUT THE DOCTOR IS FRANTICALLY FITTING ALL THE BITS AND PIECES BACK INTO THE TRANSCEIVER.

MIKE: (SOURLY) Let me know if you g the BBC. I hate to miss 'Waggoner's Walk'.

JO AND MIKE COME AWAY FROM THE WINDOW AND MOVE OVER TO THE DESK.

JO: Of course, it is just possible that they may leave us up here until after he's fired that Rocket...

DR WHO: What channel were you using, ah ?

MIKE: 242.

JO: (DOUBTFULLY) But I doubt it. He'll want us out of the way before he starts...

THE DOCTOR IS SPEAKING INTO THE RADIO.

DR WHO: Hallo, calling UNIT Command, calling UNIT Command...

THE DOCTOR SHAKES THE TRANSCEIVER VIOLENTLY.

DR WHO: (INTO THE RADIO) Calling UNIT Command, calling UNIT Command... (HE LOOKS UP) Of course, knowing UNIT there's probably no one listening at the other end of this thing!

MIKE: (SHRUGS) It was a good try, Doc.

HE'S ABOUT TO TURN AWAY - WHEN THERE'S A CRACKLING SOUND HEARD. HE SPINS ROUND.

MIKE: What was that ?

DR WHO: Static.

MIKE: (EXCITEDLY) Well, that's a start!

THE DOCTOR FIDDLES SOME MORE WITH THE RADIO.

DE WHC: (INTO RADIO) Oh, come in, you stupid oafs!

CUT TO:

14. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

COSWORTH, AT HIS RADIO, SUDDENLY PUTS A HAND UP TO HIS EARPHONE. THE BRIGADIER WATCHES.

BRIGADIER: Did you get something?

COSWORTH: (CONCENTRATING) I don't know, sir. Could have been my imagination. (TO THE UNIT OPERATOR ON THE OTHER SET) Give me some boost and amplification on Channel 242.

THE OPERATOR MAKES SOME ADJUSTMENTS TO HIS SET. WE HEAR A FAINT CRACKLING NOISE COMING FROM A SPEAKER ON TOP OF IT.

BRIGADIER: Static?

COSWORTH: I may be crazy, sir - but I thought I heard the words - 'stupid oaf'...

COSWORTH AND THE OPERATOR CONTINUE TO FIDDLE WITH THEIR RADIO CONTROLS.

COSWORTH: (INTO HIS MIKE) Hallo, this is UNIT Able Charlie - this is UNIT Able Charlie...

CUT TO:

15. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR HAS THE TRANSCEIVER JAMME UP HARD AGAINST HIS EAR.

DE WHC: (FROWNS) Do we know anyone called 'Charlie'?

MIKE: (SUDDENLY) UNIT Able Charlie! The Mobile HQ call sign!

THE DOCTOR GIVES THE TRANSCEIVER A THUMP. A GREAT WAVE OF STATIC COMES THROUGH - AND VERY FAINTLY WE CAN HEAR COSWORTH'S VOICE:

COSWORTH: (V.O. AND FILTER) ...Able Charlie... This is UNIT Able...

JO: That's someone's voice!

MIKE: You did it, Doc!

DR WHO: But I don't know whether they can hear us ? (INTO RADIO) Hallo, UNIT Able Charlie - are you receiving me ? Are you receiving me ?

SUDDENLY THERE IS A SHATTER OF GLASS FROM THE WINDOW. TWO OF THOSE CAPSULES USED TO OVERPOWER THE WARDERS EARLIER - PLOP INTO THE ROOM - AND START SMOKING.

MIKE: Gas! They're throwing gas at us

JO: Oh, no!

THE DOCTOR SNIFFS CAUTICUSLY.

DR WHO: Paralysing fume capsules... worse than gas...

ALL THREE BEGIN TO RETREAT FROM THE SMOKE. MIKE TURNS TO THE DOCTOR.

MIKE: Keep going with that radio, Doc! We'll try and keep the stuff from you! Try and get word through!

HE GRABS A CUSHION OFF THE NEAREST CHAIR AND MAKES A DIVE FOR ONE OF THE CAPSULES AND TRIES TO SMOTHER IT. JO IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWS HIS LEAD AND TACKLES THE OTHER CAPSULE WITH ANOTHER CUSHION. BUT THE FUMES STILL SEEP OUT.

DR WHO: (FRANTICALLY, INTO THE RADIO) Hallo, UNIT Able Charlie... We are at Stangmoor Prison... Stangmoor Prison...

CUT TO:

16. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

BENTON AND THE BRIGADIER ARE LEANING OVER COSWORTH, TRYING TO PICK UP SOMETHING FROM THE SPEAKER. INTERMITTENT WE CAN HEAR THE DOCTOR'S VOICE COMING OVER - BUT HARDLY INTELLIGABLE.

DR WHO: (V.O. DISTORT AND FILTERED) ... UNIT Able... We are... Stang...

BRIGADIER: Can't you get it any clearer ?

COSWORTH: It's at full boost now.

DR WHO: (V.O. DISTORT AND FILTERED) ... Charlie... Rocket... Target Peace...

BENTON: (SUDDENLY) That's the Doctor's voice, sir!

CUT TO:

17. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

MIKE AND JO ARE UNCONSCIOUS AND THE FUMES ARE REACHING OUT TO THE DOCTOR. HE'S STILL TALKING INTO THE RADIO FRANTICALLY.

DR WHO: The NRM Rocket is here at Stangmoor. It is to be launched against the Peace Conference Building in London. Can you hear me ?

AT THAT MOMENT THERE IS THE BLAST OF A SHOTGUN HEARD OUTSIDE AND THE LOCK ON THE DOOR IS SHATTERED. MAILER COMES IN, WEARING THAT SMALL MOUTH-AND-NOSE MASK HE USED EARLIER.

CUT TO:

18. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

NOW THE WORDS COMING THROUGH ARE SLIGHTLY CLEARER - BUT STILL BADLY DISTORTED AND INTERMITTENT. BENTON IS WRITING DOWN THE WORDS AS THEY COME THROUGH.

DR WHO: (V.O. DISTORT AND FILTERED)  
... I repeat... We are... Stangmoor Prison...  
The NRM Rocket... Peace Conference... the target...

AND THEN THERE IS ABRUPT SILENCE.

CUT TO:

19. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR LIES ON THE FLOOR - NOT FAR FROM THE BODIES OF JO AND MIKE. MAILER BCOT IS TREADING ON THE TRANSCIVER. ANOTHER PRISONER, ALSO WEARING A MOUTH-AND-NOSE MASK, COMES IN.

CUT TO:

20. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

COSWORTH SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TURNS TO THE BRIGADIER.

COSWORTH: I'm sorry, sir. We've lost them now. I think they've stopped transmitting. There not even a 'carrier wave' coming through now.

BRIGADIER: (TO BENTON) What did we get ?

BENTON: (READS) Stangmoor Prison.  
New Rocket. Peace Conference. Target.

BRIGADIER: Stangmoor Prison!

BENTON: Riot guns, sir! Not Police issue  
guns - Prison Warders' guns! And those denials  
the hi-jackers were wearing...

BRIGADIER: Yes! So that's where the Rocket  
is! Inside a prison. Perfect hiding place - if  
the prisoners themselves have taken cover!

COSWORTH: Wasn't there some sort of riot  
there recently?

BRIGADIER: Yes. But we were led to believe  
that it had been contained.

COSWORTH: Shall I contact all UNIT Company  
sir - and tell them to converge on Stangmoor?

BRIGADIER: No! Definitely not! If that  
Rocket is there - then we've got to move carefully.  
Call up 'A' Company Assault Section - and have  
them rendezvous with us at...

HE GLANCES AT HIS MAP.

BRIGADIER: ...Map Reference 567391. That  
a derelict farmhouse less than a mile from the  
gates of Stangmoor Prison.

BENTON: Yes, that was definitely the  
Doctor's voice, sir. (LOWER) I just wonder  
what's happened to the Captain and the others.

SLOW MIX TO:

21. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. LATER.

WE ARE CLOSE IN ON THE DOCTOR'S FACE.  
HIS EYES BEGIN TO FLICKER OPEN, AS THE  
EFFECTS OF THE PARALYSING FUMES WEAR  
OFF.

FROM HIS P.O.V. WE SEE THE BLURRED  
IMAGE OF THE MASTER'S FACE SLOWLY  
COMING INTO FOCUS AS HE PEERS DOWN ON  
THE DOCTOR.

DR. WHO: (GRUNTS) So the fumes weren't  
lethal?

MASTER: No. You're still alive - for the  
time being.



WE NOW WIDEN THE SHOT TO ESTABLISH THE CORRIDOR. JO AND MIKE LIE STILL UNCONSCIOUS SOME LITTLE DISTANCE AWAY, GUARDED BY MAILER AND A COUPLE OF PRISONERS.

DR WHO: (INDICATING JO AND MIKE)  
What about them?

MASTER: They don't have our powers of recuperation, Doctor. It'll be a little time before they come - to.

THE DOCTOR VERY SLOWLY RAISES HIMSELF TO A SITTING POSITION.

DR WHO: I should very much like to know why I'm not dead.

MASTER: (CASUALLY) It was touch and go whether or not I should kill you.

DR WHO: But you had second thoughts.

MASTER: You can be of use to me.

THE DOCTOR GIVES OUT WITH A COLD SMILE AND NODS SLOWLY.

DR WHO: So the 'box' is still giving trouble.

MASTER: (WITH A SWIFT LOOK OVER TO MAILER) Keep your voice down!

DR WHO: (SHRUGS) I hate to say - 'I told you so' - but I did, didn't I?

MASTER: The thing has become a nuisance.

DR WHO: That's putting it mildly. (BEAT) May I get to my feet?

THE MASTER NODS AND THE DOCTOR GETS TO HIS FEET, FLEXING HIS STIFF MUSCLES.

DR WHO: Where is it now?

MASTER: In there.

AND HE POINTS TO THE CONDEMNED CELL.

DR WHO: You hope. The thing can move..

MASTER: Not with so many people around to dissipate its energy. In any case, it seems that its power is exhausted - for the moment.

DR WHO: But it's building up again all the time.

MASTER: Yes, I know.

DR WHO: And it's interfering with your work on the Rocket.

MASTER: The prisoners fear it.

DR WHO: And you don't ?

MASTER: I want it immobilising.

DR WHO: Impossible.

MASTER: No. If a strong enough magnetic field were built up around it - it's force-field would be contained.

DR WHO: Theoretically. But no one could get close enough to...

MASTER: You've survived its power, Doctor.

DR WHO: For a few seconds.

MASTER: That's all it would need to lay the equipment. I have it all ready.

AND HE POINTS TO SOME COILS OF TIGHTLY BOUND WIRE, A PILE OF HEAVY CABLE AND SOME OTHER ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT.

DR WHO: I told you before...

MASTER: Yes, I know. You said you would do nothing to help me. (CYNICALLY) But this is a humanitarian act, Doctor. That 'box' is a killer. Immobilise it and you save lives, don't you ? Now that should appeal to your quixotic sense of humour, shouldn't it ? But no matter what you decide to do - it'll make no difference to that Rocket. I'm going to fire it - and very soon. That's the only real certainty. Nothing is going to stop me from doing that. I've almost finished repairing the launching console.

DR WHO: But the 'box' is a hindrance.

MASTER: Temporarily.

DR WHO: And if I don't make an effort to immobilise it...

MASTER: (INDICATES JO AND MIKE) They will die - in the most unpleasant way I can think of. And you will be made to witness their execution.

CUT TO:

TK 2. A Grassy Ridge. Day.

The BRIGADIER lies on his stomach, looking at something in the distance through binoculars. SERGEANT BENTON lies beside him.

In the B.G. we see the UNIT Mobile HQ drawn up. Around it stand some UNIT SOLDIERS in Combat Rig, idly checking over their weapons.

BRIGADIER: Not a sign of any activity down there.

BENTON: Prisons nearly always look quiet - from the outside, sir.

The BRIGADIER and BENTON get to their feet. They return to the Mobile HQ and go inside.

22. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

AS BENTON AND THE BRIGADIER COME IN. COSWORTH IS AT HIS RADIO, TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER UNIT OPERATOR.

BRIGADIER: What's the form, Cosworth?

COSWORTH: The local baker who supplies the prison with bread reports that his deliveries were taken from him at the Main Gate. He usually drives straight inside. He didn't recognise the Warders who unloaded his van.

BRIGADIER: Did you ring through to the prison itself?

COSWORTH: Yes, sir. We made some routine enquiries - to avert suspicion. The prison switchboard is manned - but I doubt whether it's by a member of the staff.

BRIGADIER: So the prisoners are in full control - and appear to have taken over everything.

BENTON: I wonder why they haven't all scarpered? (HE LOOKS QUICKLY UP AT THE BRIGADIER) Er - gone, sir.

BRIGADIER: Probably because they have other plans.

COSWORTH: Do you intend to attack Stangmoor sir?

BRIGADIER: No. But I want to get inside. I think a raiding party is the answer.

COSWORTH: I'd like to volunteer to lead it, sir...

BRIGADIER: No. I shall be in command. And I want only picked men along with me.

BENTON: You'll need me, sir. I can identify at least one of the hi-jackers. (BEAT) And a lot of my chums copped it in that ambush.

BRIGADIER: Alright, Sergeant, you'll come as my Two I/C.

BENTON: Thank you, sir.

BRIGADIER: Now, let's get down to details...

CUT TO:

23. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. A LITTLE LATER

JO AND MIKE ARE CONSCIOUS NOW, BUT CLOSELY GUARDED BY MAILER AND SOME OF THE OTHER PRISONERS. THEY ARE STANDING ALONG THE CORRIDOR TO WHERE THE DOCTOR IS PREPARING TO GO INTO THE CONDEMNED CELL.

JO: (CALLS) Don't do it, Doctor!

MIKE: You don't stand a chance!

MAILER COMES FORWARD THREATENINGLY.

WE MOVE OVER TO THE DOCTOR AND THE MASTER. THE LATTER IS HANDING THE DOCTOR A WELDER'S HELMET-VIZOR.

DR WHO: What good do you think that'll do

MASTER: (SHRUGS) It may give you some protection.

BESIDE THEM IS ALL THE ELECTRICAL PARAPHERNALIA NEEDED TO PUT THE MAGNETIC FIELD ABOUT THE 'BOX'. THE DOCTOR WEARS HEAVY 'LINESMAN'S' GLOVES

DR WHO: It was some time ago since I survived the last 'blast' from the 'box'. It may have new tricks up its sleeve by now.

MASTER: (EASILY) Well, you'll soon know. It's a very staple operation, really. All you have to do is to slip that coil round it - as I switch on the current.

DR WHO: The way you've got that rigged up - you'll probably blow every fuse box in the area.

MASTER: As long as I can generate enough power to launch the Rocket - I'm really not very perturbed.

THE DOCTOR LIFTS THE HEAVY COIL OF BOUND WIRE AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE DOOR OF THE CELL. HE STILL CARRIES THE HELMET - BUT DOESN'T PUT IT ON YET, FLATTENING HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL, HE OPENS THE CELL DOOR WITH HIS EXTENDED FOOT.

FROM OUR P.O.V. WE CAN SEE INSIDE THE CELL, FROM THE DOORWAY. THE 'BOX' IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE FLOOR, FUMING AND THROBBING QUIETLY - BUT OMINOUSLY, AS THOUGH REBUILDING ITS STRENGTH.

DR WHO: (TO THE MASTER) I very much doubt if this is going to work.

MASTER: (SMILES) We can but try.

AND HE GOES OVER TO AN ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX ON THE WALL, WHERE HE HAS SET UP A LARGE POWER-BREAKER. AT PRESENT IT IS IN THE 'OFF' POSITION.

DR WHO: If the power fails...

MASTER: Then, obviously, you will die.

FROM THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR JO LUNGES FORWARD.

JO: Doctor - don't....!

MAILER CRUELLY PUSHES HER BACK WITH THE BUTT OF HIS GUN. MIKE STRAINS FORWARD - BUT IS HELD IN CHECK BY ANOTHER PRISONER.

DR WHO: (ICY, TO MAILER) Any more of that, Mailer - and I'll fit this coil over your head like a noose!

THE MASTER GIVES MAILER A WARNING LOOK. MAILER GRUNTS AND GLARES AT JO.

THE DOCTOR ADVANCES SLOWLY TOWARDS CELL.

DR WHO: (TO THE MASTER) Don't be lal pulling that switch.

MASTER: (GRINS) Trust me.

THE DOCTOR GIVES HIM A WITHERING LOOK AND THEN PUTS THE HELMET ON HIS HEAD. SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY HE GOES INTO THE CELL.

CUT TO:

24. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

HOLDING THE COIL IN FRONT OF HIM, THE DOCTOR ADVANCES ON THE 'BOX'. IT BEGINS TO SPLUTTER DANGEROUSLY AS HE APPROACHES. SPARKS CRACKLE ABOUT IT.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

25. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

ONLY THE UNIT OPERATOR AND COSWORTH ARE THERE NOW. THE LATTER SPEAKS INTO HIS MIKE.

COSWORTH: (INTO MIKE) Yes, Brigadier, I can hear you loud and clear. I'm keeping open Channel 259 for you...

CUT BACK TO:

26. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

NOW THE 'BOX' IS ACTIVATING. GREAT ENERGY SPARKS ARE GENERATED. THEY DART OUT TOWARDS THE ADVANCING FIGURE OF THE DOCTOR, SPLATTERING AROUND THE COIL AND THE HELMET. THE DOCTOR STAGGERS AS THE POWER HITS HIM.

CUT TO:

27. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

REACTIONS: THE MASTER AT THE SWITCH. THE ANXIOUS FACES OF JO AND MIKE. MAILER FROWNING...

CUT BACK TO:

28. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR RECOVERS - AND CONTINUES HIS SLOW ADVANCE ON THE 'BOX' - COIL AT THE READY. NOW THE THING IS THROWING OUT MORE SPARKS AND FLASHES. IT DISTORTS FRANTICALLY. THE DOCTOR LIFTS THE COIL.

CUT TO:

29. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER'S HAND TIGHTENS ON THE BREAKER-SWITCH.

CUT BACK TO:

30. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE 'BOX' IS GOING MAD NOW, THE THROB-  
BING NOISE FILLS THE WHOLE CELL, THE  
SPARKS AND FLASHES INTENSIFY, CON-  
CENTRATING ON THE DOCTOR. INSTEAD OF  
DRAWING HIM TO IT, THE THING SEEMS TO  
SENSE THE DANGER - AND ATTEMPTS TO  
REPEL HIM WITH ITS FORCE.

FINALLY, THE DOCTOR DROPS THE COIL  
OVER THE 'BOX'. FROM UNDER HIS HELMET  
WE CAN HEAR HIS VOICE SHOUTING DESPER-  
ATELY.

DR WHO: Now! Pull the switch - now!

CUT TO:

31. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER WAITS A FRACTION LONGER  
THAN IS NECESSARY - BUT THEN PULLS  
DOWN THE BREAKER-SWITCH. THERE IS  
A BLUE FLASH AROUND THE JUNCTION BOX.

CUT BACK TO:

32. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE COIL AROUND THE 'BOX' HUMS WITH  
POWER. THE SPARKS AND FLASHES FROM  
THE 'BOX' SHORT ON IT. FROM THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE CELL A TIN MUG AND A TIN  
PLATE SWEEP ACROSS THE ROOM AND  
CLATTER ONTO THE COIL. THE DOCTOR  
STAGGERS BACK AGAINST THE WALL. THE  
'BOX' FIGHTS THE COIL - BUT ITS POWER  
SEEMS TO BE HELD WITHIN THE CIRCLE.

CUT BRIEFLY TO:

33. INT. UNIT MOBILE H.Q. SAME TIME.

COSWORTH AND THE UNIT OPERATOR DRAG  
THEIR EARPHONES FROM THEIR HEADS.  
SOME SPARKS JUMP FROM THE RADIOS IN  
FRONT OF THEM. CONTACT WITH THE  
BRIGADIER IS LOST.

COSWORTH: (GASPS) What the devil...

CUT TO:

TK 3. Outside Prison Wall. Day.

The BRIGADIER is frantically trying to regain contact with UNIT HQ. Behind him crouch BENTON and the small assault party of UNIT SOLDIERS. They carry grappling hooks and ropes.

BRIGADIER: (INTO RADIO) Hallo UNIT Able Charlie... I've lost contact.

CUT TO:

34. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR STAGGERS FROM THE CELL INTO THE CORRIDOR. HE DRAGS THE HELMET FROM HIS HEAD. THERE'S A STREAK OF WHITE HAIR ACROSS THE SILVER AT HIS TEMPLES. HE LOOKS WEAK AND EXHAUSTED. JO AND MIKE BOTH TRY AND RUSH TO HIM - BUT ARE RESTRAINED BY MAILER AND THE OTHER PRISONERS.

MASTER: (SMILES) Harrowing, was it ?

THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP AT HIM GRIMLY, TOO WEAK TO MAKE ANY REPLY. THE MASTER LOOKS BEYOND HIM INTO THE CELL.

MASTER: But it does seem to have done the trick.

DR WHO: (HUSHED) Only for the time being.

MAILER: Do we get rid of them now ? All three of them ?

MASTER: Don't be so impatient, Mailer.

MAILER: You ordered him and the girl shot on sight earlier.

MASTER: That was earlier. I still have one more task for them to do.

HE VENTURES TO THE CELL DOOR TO LOOK AT THE 'BOX'.

CUT TO:

35. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE 'BOX' FUMES QUIETLY, CONTAINED BY THE MAGNETIC FIELD OF THE COIL.

CUT TO:



36. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

SATISFIED THAT THE THREAT FROM THE 'BOX' HAS BEEN AVERTED, TEMPORARILY, THE MASTER WITHDRAWS FROM THE CELL DOOR.

MASTER: Now, perhaps, I can get on with my work. Bring them down to the workshops - where I can keep my eye on them.

MAILER AND THE PRISONERS SHOVE JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE CORRIDOR. THE LATTER STILL STAGGERS WITH EXHAUSTION AND WEARINESS. THE MASTER FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

TK 4. Outside Prison Wall. Day.

The Assault Party of UNIT SOLDIERS have slung the grappling hooks over the wall. Led by the BRIGADIER and BENTON they start scrambling up them.

37. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. A LITTLE LATER

MIKE, JO AND THE DOCTOR ARE BEING GUARDED BY MAILER AND SOME PRISONERS A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM WHERE THE MASTER HAS RESUMED HIS WORK ON THE NRM FIRING CONSOLE. MIKE SPEAKS OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH TO THE DOCTOR.

MIKE: (LOW) Did you fix that 'box', Doctor?

DR WHO: (LOW) Only temporarily, Mike. That coil will only change the pattern of its power. It'll find some way of overcoming it eventually.

JO: (LOW) In the meantime?

DR WHO: I don't know.

MAILER SPOTS THEM TALKING.

MAILER: Shut up!

CUT TO:

38. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE THROBBING NOISE FROM THE 'BOX' HAS TAKEN ON A STRANGELY DIFFERENT TONE - HIGHER PITCHED, DISTINCTIVE - AS THOUGH IT WERE STRAINING TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE COIL'S RESTRAINING INFLUENCE. TINY EDDIES OF SMOKE CURL UP FROM THE WIRE AND, HERE AND THERE, LITTLE SPARKS JUMP AND CRACKLE.

CUT TO:

TK 5. Prison Courtyard. Day.

One or two armed PRISONERS are patrolling in the courtyard.

Suddenly, in the far corner shadows, something moves stealthily. We come in close - and see that it is two UNIT SOLDIERS. nearby BENTON, the BRIGADIER and the rest of the SOLDIERS, are taking up their positions.

An armed PRISONER passes a darkened doorway or arch. A SOLDIER's arm grabs him silently round the neck - throttling him before he has a chance to cry out. The body is dragged back into the shadows.

Some distance away another PRISONER walks by. Another SOLDIER jumps down onto him - and despatches him just as quietly.

The BRIGADIER waves his men forward. The SOLDIERS advance cautiously, their guns at the ready.

39. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER CONTINUES TO WORK ON THE CONSOLE. JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR WATCH HIM ANXIOUSLY. THE MASTER LOOKS UP AT MAILER.

MASTER: Mailer, let the Doctor come over

MAILER: But...

MASTER: He won't make any false moves as long as you're covering the girl and the officer

MAILER SIGNALS FOR THE DOCTOR TO GO FORWARD. THE DOCTOR SHRUGS AND MOVES OVER TO WHERE THE MASTER IS WORKING. DESPITE HIS HATRED FOR WHAT THE MASTER IS DOING, THE DOCTOR IS INTERESTED IN THE CONSOLE'S MECHANISM.

MASTER: (TO THE DOCTOR) Almost finished now. It really is a most unsophisticated device.

DR WHO: (DRILY) It's sophisticated enough to blow up a few square miles of London.

MASTER: Yes. And that's all that's required. Just the few miles immediately surrounding the Peace Conference Building. It works on a simple carrier-beam system. One merely locks the invisible beam onto the target frequency - and the Rocket uses it as a direct path. So simple

DR WHO: My two friends, what have you got planned for them ?

MASTER: Depends entirely on how cooperative the officer is. As soon as I've got this thing ready for launching, he will telephone through to the Russian, Chinese and American Embassies. He will tell them who he is - a Captain in UNIT Command - and will inform them that he is about to fire the Nuclear Rocket Missile right into laps of the Peace Delegates.

DR WHO: I see. So then the Russians, the Chinese and the Americans will assume that this country is responsible for destroying the Conference. And all hopes of peace.

MASTER: Something like that.

DR WHO: And they'll go to war.

MASTER: Bound to. In doing so they will, of course, destroy themselves. They have a reputation for doing just that. Then this stupid little planet...

DR WHO: Will be under your domination.

MASTER: Precisely.

DR WHO: (SIGHS) Yes, you are quite mad.

The Time Lords should have done something about you a long time ago.

MASTER: You know something, Doctor ? I think even the Time Lords fear me - just a little.

DR WHO: About as much as a speck of dust on the petal of a Venusian desert lily.

THE MASTER FLASHES HIM A LOOK OF PURE HATRED - BUT HE SIMMERS DOWN QUICKLY.

MASTER: No. You won't provoke me. Not at this late stage.

HE MAKES A FINAL ADJUSTMENT TO THE CONSOLE.

MASTER: There we are. Now all that is needed is to connect it up to the generator - and it's ready for firing. A few quick calculations to pinpoint the target for the carrier-beam - and we can send the Rocket happily on its way.

HE BEGINS TO CHECK COORDINATES ON A SCALE. HIS LIPS MOVE AS HE WORKS OUT THE CALCULATIONS.

CUT TO:

TK 6. Prison Courtyard. Day.

Meanwhile the UNIT SOLDIERS have gained complete control of the courtyard - without arousing any alarm in the rest of the prison. The BRIGADIER is about to lead them into the nearest buildings - when an armed PRISONER suddenly comes into view - and spots them. He immediately raises his gun and aims it at the BRIGADIER. BENTON sees him, swings his own submachine gun round and mows him down with a sharp burst.

40. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

THE SOUND OF THE GUNFIRE IS HEARD CLEARLY. THE MASTER LOOKS UP FROM HIS WORK ANGRILY. JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR EXCHANGE HOPEFUL GLANCES. MAILER IMMEDIATELY RUSHES FORWARD. THE OTHER PRISONERS IN THE PLACE LOCK AROUND WITH ALARM AND RAISE THEIR GUNS. MORE GUNFIRE IS HEARD.

CUT TO:

TK 7. Prison Courtyard. Day.

Other PRISONERS have rushed onto the scene - and are now exchanging gunfire with the SOLDIERS. From the windows of the buildings around the courtyard we can see the flash of gunshots. A full scale battle starts - with casualties dropping on both sides. But the SOLDIERS are making use of every available piece of cover - and are gaining access to the buildings and are breaking out of the confines of the courtyard.

41. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP. SAME TIME.

MAILER HAS QUICKLY DEPLOYED HIS MEN INTO A ROUGH CIRCLE ABOUT THE ROCKET, MAKING A LINE OF DEFENCE AROUND IT. THE MASTER DUCKS DOWN BEHIND THE CONSOLE.

DR WHO: (GPINS) Isn't it always the Cavalry that seem to arrive just in time.

MASTER: But they're not in time, Doctor! I've set the coordinates. I only have to switch on the generator - and I can launch this thing!

DR WHO: Listen to those guns. There are soldiers out there!

MASTER: And if they come in here - you and your friends die - plus the rest of the prison staff. Someone had better tell them that!

A SOLDIER APPEARS UP ON THE CATWALK ABOVE. MAILER SPOTS HIM - AND CUTS HIM DOWN WITH A BURST FROM HIS GUN. THE MASTER LOOKS QUICKLY UP. AS HE DOES, THE DOCTOR TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO RUN SWIFTLY BACK TO JO AND MIKE.

MASTER: (SHOUTS) Cover that catwalk!

MIKE HAS SEEN THE SOLDIER FALL.

MIKE: That was a UNIT soldier!

DR. WHO: Well, it's about time the Brigadier showed up!

MIKE DESPERATELY WANTS TO MAKE A MOV TO JOIN THE MEN - BUT A COLD-EYED PRISONER COVERS ALL THREE OF THEM WITH A RIOT GUN.

OVER BY THE ENTRANCE TO THE WORKSHOP A GROUP OF PRISONERS COME INTO VIEW, RETREATING BEFORE A HAIL OF GUNFIRE FROM THE UNSEEN SOLDIERS.

BULLETS START FLYING AROUND THE PLACE. JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR TAKE COVER. OVER BY THE CONSOLE THE MASTER IS TRYING TO EDGE HIS WAY TO THE POWER GENERATOR IN THE TRUCK.

CUT TO;

42. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

AS THOUGH AGITATED BY THE DISTANT SOUND OF GUNFIRE, THE 'BOX' BEGINS TO INTENSIFY ITS THROBBING SOUND. IT BEGINS TO DISTORT. THE COIL ABOUT IT FLASHES AND SMOKES - BUT HOLDS.

HOWEVER, THERE IS AN UNSEEN FORCE, A RADIATION COMING FROM THE 'BOX'. STILL UNABLE TO MOVE, IT IS SENDING OUT GREAT WAVES OF ENERGY. SUDDENLY THE DOOR TO THE CELL SEEMS TO BUCKLE, AS THOUGH HIT BY AN ENORMOUS SLEDGEHAMMER. THE TIN MUG AND PLATE, WHICH HAD BECOME ATTACHED TO THE COIL, SHOOT AWAY, AS THOUGH SHOT FROM A GUN, AND SMASH AGAINST THE CELL WALL.

CUT TO:

43. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

A PRISONER IS KNEELING AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, FIRING AT SOME UNSEEN SOLDIER. FOR NO APPARENT REASON THE WALL-PHONE NEARBY HIM SHATTERS AS WE HEAR THAT HORRIBLE, PENETRATING, THROBBING NOISE. THE PRISONER TURNS. THE NOISE SEEMS TO SWELL AROUND AND ENVELOPE HIM. HE IS HURLED BACK AGAINST THE WALL BY THE UNSEEN FORCE HIS GUN FIRING AWAY HARMLESSLY AT THE CEILING.

CUT BACK TO:

44. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE SPACE AROUND THE 'BOX' IS SHIMMERING WITH HIDDEN ENERGY. THE THROBBING NOISE IN HERE IS RISING TO A CRESCENDO. WE SEE DISTORTED WAVES OF POWER SHOOTING OUTWARDS FROM THE 'BOX'...

CUT TO:

45. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

A SOLDIER AND A PRISONER ARE LOCKED IN A DESPERATE FIGHT. THE SOLDIER IS GETTING THE UPPER HAND. HE LANDS A BLOW ON THE PRISONER'S JAW, WHICH SENDS THE MAN REELING BACK - HE STUMBLES AND FALLS AGAINST THE HEAVY DESK CRACKING HIS SKULL AS HE GOES DOWN. HE LIES STILL ON THE FLOOR. THE SOLDIER REGAINS HIS BREATH AND PICKS UP HIS GUN. HE'S ABOUT TO LEAVE THE OFFICE - WHEN HE, TOO, IS ENVELOPED IN THAT GHASTLY THROBBING NOISE. HE CLUTCHES AT HIS TEMPLES AND SPINS ROUND. OBJECTS IN THE ROOM SUDDENLY BECOME AIRBORNE OR SHATTER - AS THE NOISE GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER. SHOCK WAVES OF ENERGY SHIMMER THROUGH THE PLACE. THE SOLDIER YELLS - AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR, NEAR THE PRISONER. A WINDOW PANE DISINTEGRATES.

THE THROBBING SOUND SUBSIDES AS QUICKLY AS IT CAME. BUT THE SOLDIER AND THE PRISONER LIE STILL.

CUT TO:

46. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

SHOW THE 'BOX' AGAIN, STILL RADIATING GREAT WAVES OF ENERGY. THE IRON BARS AT THE WINDOW SEEM TO MELT. THE TABLE AND THE BUNK ARE HURLED ASIDE AND SHATTER.

CUT TO:

47. INT. PRISON WORKSHOP, SAME TIME.

NOW THERE IS MORE GUNFIRE COMING FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE WORKSHOP - AND FROM SOLDIERS UP ON THE CATWALK. THE PRISONERS, UNDER SEIGE, ARE RETURNING THE FIRE RAPIDLY AND HOLDING THEIR POSITIONS.

THE MASTER IS CRAWLING INTO THE TRUCK. WE COME IN CLOSE ON HIM AS HE ATTEMPTS TO START THE GENERATOR (WHICH WOULD RUN OFF THE TRUCK'S ENGINE), KEEPING HIS HEAD DOWN AS HE DOES IT.

THE DOCTOR IS WATCHING HIM - BUT IS UNABLE TO MOVE BECAUSE OF THE PRISONER GUARDING HIM.

MIKE: (URGENTLY) Doctor, we've got to do something to help out!

DR WHO: Getting yourself shot isn't going to help anyone.

AND THE DOCTOR INDICATES THE PRISONER.

JO: (POINTING TO THE TRUCK) If 'our friend' gets that generator going...

MIKE: It's the finish. Of everything!

DR WHO: Yes, I know, Mike.

THEN, OVER THE SOUND OF THE GUNFIRE, WE BEGIN TO HEAR THE THROBBING NOISE AGAIN. THIS TIME IT SEEMS TO BE MAKING FOR THE PRISONER GUARDING JO, MIKE AND THE DOCTOR.

DR WHO: (SUDDENLY) Listen!

JO: What is it?

MIKE: That throbbing noise...

DR WHO: (ANXIOUSLY) It's the 'box'!

JO: Where?

DR WHO: All about us!

MIKE: What do you mean?

DR WHO: It's the energy from it! It's radiating from that cell!

THE PRISONER GOES BERSERK AS THE ENERGY HITS HIM. HE YELLS WITH AGONY AND SPINS ROUND. HE FIRES HIS GUN AT THE AIR ABOUT HIM, SPRAYING BULLETS AIMLESSLY. HE RUNS OUT INTO THE CENTRE OF THE WORKSHOP AND IS IMMEDIATELY CUT DOWN BY THE BESEIGING SOLDIERS' GUNS.

MIKE DARTS TO HIS FEET, READY TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE. BUT MAILER HAS SEEN THE DANGER. RUTHLESSLY HE TURNS HIS GUN ON HIM AND FIRES. MIKE DARTS BACK FOR COVER.

MIKE: Blast!

DR WHO: Keep your head down. And don't move. It's not only the gunfire we've got to contend with - there's the power from that 'box', too! It's obviously picking off victims at random! Just as I said - the magnetic coil's changed its pattern!

WE MOVE OVER TO THE MASTER. HE'S BEEN BUSY TRYING TO GET THE GENERATOR WORKING - AND NOW THE ENGINE ROARS INTO LIFE AND HE FLIPS THE SWITCH ACTIVATING THE GENERATOR.

THE CONSOLE BEGINS TO LIGHT UP ITS WARNING BULBS AND DIALS. DESPITE THE BATTLE GOING ON ABOUT HIM, THE MASTER SMILES HIS TRIUMPH.

JO IS THE FIRST TO REALISE THAT THE GENERATOR IS WORKING.

JO: The generator! He's got it going

THE MASTER LEAVES THE TRUCK AND RUNS BACK TO THE CONSOLE. AS HE REACHES IT HE TURNS TO SHOUT TO THE DOCTOR:

MASTER: (YELLS) It's all over now,  
Doctor! All over! (HE LAUGHS) Stand by for blast off!

HE FLICKS A SWITCH AND THE ROCKET MOVES FROM THE HORIZONTAL POSITION TO ITS VERTICAL FIRING POSITION.

THE FIRING STOPS ABRUPTLY AS PRISONER AND SOLDIERS ALIKE WATCH THE ROCKET SLOWLY RISE ON ITS TAIL.

MASTER: (SHOUTS TO THE WORKSHOP IN GENERAL) The Rocket is primed!



HE COME IN CLOSE ON HIS FINGER AS IT  
HOVERS OVER THE RED FIRING BUTTON ON  
THE CONSOLE.

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.